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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Geoffrey Chaucer.

J. P. O'NEILL, '83.

"That noble Chaucer, in those former times,
Who first enriched our English with his rhymes,
And who was first of ours that ever broke
Into the Muse's treasures, and first spoke
In mighty numbers; delving in the mine
Of perfect knowledge."—WORDSWORTH.

When discussing the merit of great men, it is well to consider the time in which they lived, the virtues and vices prevalent, the culture of the age, and the good done by them for posterity. French was the language of England from the time of William the Conqueror to that of Edward I; and with the rise of the Commons, under this king, to a more equal footing in society, rose also the native tongue. But the rough, uncouth, and unpolished language of the people was not well adapted to the fine, beautiful, easy-flowing lines of poetry; and, as a state which for the first time breathes the air of freedom needs at its helm a great man, the language wanted a master-mind to guide it into the channel of its future course. This person was Chaucer.

Geoffrey Chaucer was born about the year 1328. He attached himself to the house of John of Gaunt, and rose to be a favorite of that powerful noble, in whom he found a constant protector and patron, and who, afterwards, married the poet's sister-in-law, thus connecting Chaucer with one of the nobility of Europe. His genius attracted the attention of the king, and he was sent on many important embassies to Flanders, France, and Italy. These journeys gave him good opportunities to observe the various countries through which he passed. Though a man of letters, he was a warrior, a courtier as well as a soldier, and as well acquainted with the pomp, splendor, and terror of war as with the bitter reverses of fortune. He was with Edward III in all his undertakings, faithfully and devotedly attached to him, and received his reward while his patron was in England and his king alive. But when Richard II came to the throne he became an object of the most bitter persecutions; so great was the hatred

of his enemies that he was ultimately forced to fly from his country. During these troubles, he wrote the touching poem to his purse. The following is an extract from the opening:

"To you, my purse, and to none other wight
Complain I, for ye be my lady dear;
I am sorry that ye be so light
For certes; but ye make me heavy cheer.
Me were as leave be laid upon my bier,
For which unto your mercy thus I cry,
Be heavy again, or else I might die."

On the return of Lancaster, and, still later on, the accession of Henry of Bolingbroke to the throne of England, the brightest prospects opened to our poet, and a path bestrewn with honors lay before him. But he did not long enjoy these honors; the Conqueror of conquerors called the poet, in the midst of health and happiness. He died in 1400, and his tomb may be seen now in Westminster Abbey. His character is plainly shown in his writings; he was a jolly fellow, and though a great lover of books, no enemy of mirth; always kind, always cheerful, even when the gloomiest prospects were spread before him, and his benevolence and humor won for him the love of that brilliant court which surrounded Henry IV.

His works may be classed as translations and tales of social life. Though the latter are by far the better, the former are not to be despised. His "Romaunt of the Rose" is a beautiful translation from the French, enriched by many gems from his own poetical mind. It is one of those romances with which our early literature is filled, but it is in an allegorical form. The hero performs all kinds of daring actions to gain the lady who won his heart, and she is set forth under the emblem of a rose. Though filled with extravagance, and many sentiments that do not hold good in our day, yet we can but praise it if we think of the time in which it was written—a time when the god of love reigned with more absolute power over the people than ever did Jupiter over the idolatrous Romans. "Troilus and Creseide," a translation from the Italian, in five books,—a long and sweet poem—is founded on one of the favorite legends of the Middle Ages, and shows with wonderful power, pathos, and simplicity the vicissitudes of love. In some places it is rendered tedious by entering too minutely into details; this, though not a fault, is very tiresome, especially when reading old authors, whose words are somewhat different from those now used. His passages are also sometimes a little long; for instance, in the outstart he declaims nearly a hundred lines on the doctrine of predetermination.

"The Flower and the Leaf," is a beautiful and instructive allegory. Its theme, the vanity of the world, is typified by a flower, blooming to-day and dead to-morrow; while virtue is represented by a leaf, alive, beautiful, and pure, till the

death of the plant. His "House of Fame" has been copied after by almost every great poet from his age to this. Pope, the light of his time, followed it, and gave to the world his beautiful "Temple of Fame." Very few, who have passed through composition, have failed to hand in their "Temple of Fame." In a vision, the poet sees a temple, on the walls of which are pictured the exploits of Æneas, the conqueror of Italy, according to Virgil. Chancing to look around, he beholds a gigantic eagle swooping down upon him. The poet is seized by the talons of this monster and carried upwards, at a fearful rate of speed. Describing his ascent, the poet says:

"And I adown 'gan looken tho,
And beheld fieldes and plaines;
Now hilles and now mountaines,
Now valleys and now forrestes,
And now unnethes great beastes;
Now rivers now cities,
Now townes and now great trees,
Now shippes sailing in the sea;
But thus soon in a while he
Was flowen from the ground so high,
That all the world, as to mine eye,
No more yseemed than a prick,
Or elles was the so thick
That I ne might it not discern"

He reaches the zodiac and beholds the temple, built of stone, pure as glass, situated on an almost inaccessible height; on its walls the names of men; but on the south side, where the sun shone perpetually, the names were fast fading. He enters and beholds the goddess, sitting on a magnificent throne, surrounded by her worshippers, she dealing out her favors sometimes in abundance, sometimes most meagrely, and nearly always with fickleness and injustice. There are many passages of beautiful descriptions, some seldom surpassed even to this day. 'Tis indeed a poem which only a poet could dream. "Chaucer's Dream," a description of his home, has merit for the sweetness, the calm and tranquil feeling it brings: and at times you can imagine yourself roaming through the woods and under the stately elms of Woodstock.

"And right anon as I the day espied,
No longer would I in my bed abide:
I went forth myself alone and boldly,
And held the way down by a brook-side,
Till I came to a land of white and green,
So fair a one had I ne'er in been;
The ground was green, powdered with daisy,
The flowers and the groves alike high,
All green and white, and nothing else seen."

Other poems testify to the greatness of Chaucer. His "A B C," as it called, is a hymn to the Blessed Virgin, and shines brightly through the mist of the immorality of his times. "The Book of the Duchess" was written for the wife of Prince Lond, in whose retinue he first entered France. "The Parliament of Birds," the "Knight's Tale," and the "Legend of Good Women," would of themselves be guide-posts of literature, and mark his name in the volume of the great. But the work on which his fame rests, and one which has fixed his memory in the heart of the language, is his "Canterbury Tales." The plan seems first derived from the Decameron of Boccaccio, where, during a plague, ten persons retire to a villa and tell stories to while away the hours. Chaucer is more pleasing; he describes a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, which in those times, far from being

strict, severe, and silent, were very joyous occasions; and it was thought not sufficient to thwart the devil by fasting, but afterward to enjoy their triumph by feasting. Nine and twenty pilgrims meet at Tabard Inn, and, at dinner, learn that they are all bound for the same place. Then the host proposes that they should travel together, and that, to enliven the journey, each tell a story, one going and one on the return; whosoever will tell the best shall be cared for at the expense of the others. This was agreed to by all. Before the "Stories," the poet introduces the pilgrims, and paints a graphic picture of each. The first and most important person is a knight, a brave and good man, who had fought among the heathens, and had always borne arms at the call of his king. Here is Chaucer's description:

"A knight he was, and that a worthy man,
That from the time that he first began
To riding out, he loved chivalry,
Truth and honor, freedom and courtesy.
Full worthy was he in his lord's war,
And thereto had he ridden, no man farre
As well in Christendom, as in Heathenness,
And ever honored for his worthiness."

Who could bestow greater praise than this,—just what we think a good knight should be? Could the long-rounded and high-sounding periods of Macaulay more beautifully describe a simple knight than these few lines, almost the first ever written in the English language? There was with the knight, his son, a lover, and "lusty bachelor," of twenty years, longing for distinction. "In hopes to stand in his lady's grace," young, gay and cheerful, playing on his flute, or curbing his fiery steed, at the "joust," or the dance, he was always courteous and obedient. The poet has given us also a type of a beautiful boy. Yet he is not always serious; here is a little from his description of the clerk:

"A clerk there was of Oxenford also,
That unto logic had he long ago;
As lean was his horse as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake,
But looked hollow and thereto soberly."

He says of a lawyer:

"Sargeant of the law, wise, wary, rich,
Who oft had gossiped long in the church porch,
Was also there, full rich of excellence;
Discreet he was, and of great reverence.
So busy a man as he no circuit has,
And yet he seemed busier than he was."

Thus the descriptions continue as varied as nature itself. They show the author to have been a greater delineator of character and nature,—gifts which seldom go hand in hand. It is a great pity that death cut him down before he could finish his great work; as it is, there are few who read it once that do not wish to read it again.

Though essentially a poet, his other writings are very successful. Two of his "Canterbury Tales" are in prose—the "Parson's Fate" and "Melibeus"; but his longest prose production is his "Testament of Love," an allegory, written to defend his character from unjust accusations. His writings are numerous, and show great imaginative powers; indeed, such is the number of his works, that some are thought spurious, but the suspicion is unfounded. To the ordinary reader of to-day, his works would have very little charm, especially if compared with those of our thrilling novelists; but to the lover of literature, they are a mine of treasures, in which he will always find something

new. His words and spelling are out of date, and some of the passages are hard to decipher; yet he is the easiest read of any person who wrote within a hundred years after his death.

In his first writings, he was full of the conceit and pedantry of the age; but in his more mature age "He stooped to truth and moralized his song." His style is simple and pure; his words are good, though they were coined by himself; his sentences not long and tedious, as those of the writers who preceded him, but short, concise, and to the point. His words are not of empty sound, without meaning, but underneath runs a deep, deep thought.

By some, Chaucer is said to be immoral. If persons look through green spectacles they are apt to see everything around them green. This applies to Chaucer's works. Besides, we must remember that Chaucer lived in a time when people were in a habit of saying what they meant, and not beating around the bush as we do now; moreover, senses were not so fine then as now,—at that time no one would faint if in speaking of the foot he called it a foot. His chief characteristic was kindness; his satires, the worst instruments of torture in our language, were with him always playful. Many of his characters are not like those we now meet with in the walks of life, though some of them are met with on the street every day; yet in Chaucer's age men were such as he has portrayed them.

Let us now see what contemporaries, and those who wrote at a later period, have to say of him. Byron, the greatest poet of our day, but the most immoral man who ever grasped the quill, says: "Chaucer, notwithstanding the praise bestowed on him, I think most obscene and contemptible; he owes his celebrity merely to his antiquity, and does not deserve it so well as *Pierce Plowman* or *Thomas of Erculus*." The first clause, from such a man, is not worthy to be refuted; he always wore the goggles of immorality, and thus everything appeared to him immoral. But let us see what others besides this Byron have to say of Chaucer. Caxton, who flourished nearly a century after Chaucer, says: "In all his works he excelleth, in mine opinion, all other writers of our English; for he writeth in void of words, but all his matter is full of high and quick sentence, to whom ought to be given laud and praise for his *making* and writing." This is giving him praise not only for his sentences and beauty, but in making words for himself which have continued to this day as a current part of the language. Dryden, to whom Byron is inferior, says of Chaucer: "As he is father of English poetry, I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil; he is a perpetual fountain of good sense, learned in all sciences, and therefore speaks well on all subjects." To this day, Homer is a household word among the Greeks. Does Dryden think Chaucer contemptible when he compares him with such a man? "A perpetual fountain of good sense" rarely becomes contemptible. Waller says of him:

"Chaucer his sense can only boast,
The glory of his numbers lost;
Years have defaced his matchless strain,
And yet he did not sing in vain."

And Wordsworth: "The affecting parts of Chaucer are almost always expressed in language pure and universally intelligible even to this day." And Coleridge, "I take incessant delight in Chaucer. His manly cheerfulness is especially delicious to me in my old age." Campbell says, "His '*Canterbury Tales*' will live forever." Hazlett says

his "words are so clear as to point out the object like the finger or the eye." I think that from what may be taken from his life, the time in which he lived, the impediments to literature, and the impulse given to writing by him; the beauty, strength and clearness of his sentences, that he has done more for our literature than any other writer. But I agree with Hallam that "in serious and moral he is sometimes languid; but he springs like Auteus from the earth when his subjects change to satire or merry narrative."

Fictitious Reading.

BY W. B. MCGORRISK.

Novels, as a class, are injurious to the welfare of society, and novel-reading, when carried to excess, degenerates into a habit which paralyzes the intellect, renders the mind unfit for close and persevering study, and retards the growth of morality. All evil habits have some qualities that entice the fickle and erring, some attribute by which their defects are hidden and their better qualities shown. They show, in fact, the present enjoyment which may be derived from them, while their moral and intellectual depravity are hidden in the background. In no habit is this more apparent than in that of fictitious reading. The young read novels for the excitement and pleasure which they afford. They become fascinated by the story, and are carried along, never seeing the beautiful style or fine delineations which are said to be found in the novel. In the attraction and excitement of the story, they forget that with every page they are becoming morally and intellectually weaker.

If we inquire into the cause which gave rise to the novel, we will find that it is founded upon a false principle, and is successful only in so much as it deceives. The subject being in itself not a reality, the author endeavors to remedy the defect by representing untruths as truths, thereby deceiving the reader. Deception is injurious, for anything tending to deceive impresses wrong ideas upon the mind which can have but a pernicious influence.

Fictitious works are but deceptions; from the introduction to the end, they represent actions to have been performed, persons and things to have acted, that never existed. The best authors cloth their narrative with finely-rounded sentences, and the style is such as should be studied; but how few among novel-readers are able to distinguish good from bad style, or proper from improper delineations.

It is not the literary student, but the bully, the effeminate gentleman, and the lady of leisure and of fashion, that resort to the novel. These, surely, are not the persons who seek for information or instruction. These, surely, are not the persons who study a volume for the literary wealth it may contain, or that can distinguish the style of a Macaulay from that of the lowest novel-writer. The great majority of such people read, not for the knowledge which they may obtain,—for in proportion as the novel is instructive it is distasteful to them,—but for the mere gratification of their passions. The novels most widely circulated, and generally read, base their popularity rather upon the attraction and marvellousness of the story, than upon their literary merits. Before the days of Defoe or Richardson men devoted their leisure hours to the study of the arts, sciences, and history; but these subjects, so useful and so

little understood, are now thrown aside for the society novel or romantic tale. Novels bound in bright colors are seen in the front row upon the shelves; and behind these, hidden from sight, may be found the plainly bound history or scientific work.

Novels, as a class, are immoral. If the immorality is not outspoken and bold, it is shown in the motives and actions of the persons represented, and even in the characters themselves. Immoral works of fiction comprise a large part of the literature issued from the press to-day. What an incalculable injury can these works effect when distributed throughout the country! There are thousands of persons scattered through the villages, towns and cities of this land, filling to overflowing our prisons and asylums, who may attribute one cause of their degradation to fictitious reading. When looking back upon their past lives, they remember well the time which they have wasted in such reading; they remember the enticement of these works, and wonder whether their companions have, like them, succumbed to the false ideas, false principles and irreligion which they teach, or whether they heeded the advice of those who wished to shield them and were delivered from degradation, the consequence of such reading.

No doubt there are some, and probably a great many, novels that are worthy of praise; but their number is small indeed, compared with that of the cheap literature, literary trash, that is flooding the country and infecting the minds of the people. There is a class of novels, professedly moral, which, although not as productive of evil as those of the immoral class, still is pernicious in its effects. The characters intended to represent Christians are not actuated by Christian motives or Christian feelings. They do not inspire the reader with a feeling of reverence for God, or a reliance upon His power and goodness in adversity or danger. They represent men as leading good lives through the power and strength of their own wills, and not by a reliance upon the graces which God has given them. Robert Hall, in writing upon this subject, is led to speak of the moral tales of Miss Edgeworth as the most mischievous, morally, of any he ever read.

Why are novels generally read? It cannot be for instruction, for the great majority neither cultivate the mind nor the heart, but are detrimental to both. Then it must be for pleasure. And must we detract from the mind and heart to add to our enjoyment? We can find more pleasure with less danger; pleasure that will refresh and strengthen the mind; pleasure that is not fraught with immorality. Papers devoted to education, to refinement of thought and morals, see now the effects of fictitious reading and are trying to mitigate its evil results. That which has been fostered by a certain class of society as an educator and instructor is now known to be as dangerous and widespread, as the most general vice.

It is not the enterprising and busy merchant, the studious lawyer or skilful physician, but those who have no regular pursuit or definite object in view, that seek enjoyment or pleasure in the novel. Novel-reading is almost universal among the vicious and vulgar; for, in this kind of reading, they find that which pleases them, and surely that which is pleasing to the vulgar should not attract intelligent persons. God has ordained man to be the ruler of this world; He has placed him above all other creatures; everything is for him, and subservient to him. Why is man thus distinguished? What is there in man that raises him above other creatures? It is his soul, his

intellect, the power of distinguishing good from evil. It is the mind that distinguishes man from the brute, and our great aim should be the cultivation of this great gift. We should keep it free from all contaminating influences, and shun the occasions tending to weaken it. If we wish to retain the strength and purity of our minds, we must abstain from reading those works which tend only to debase them. Can we have any doubt of the evil effect of fictitious reading, when so many eminent authors and critics have shown the evils resulting from it? Robert Hall says: "Mentally, habitual novel-reading is destructive of real vigor, and morally, it is destructive of real kindness."

When we look around us and see the number of persons that are addicted to reading novels, and novels generally of a low class, can we wonder at the great number of crimes that are perpetrated every day? From childhood up to manhood and womanhood, they have been accustomed to read these works; they have imbibed the false principles and irreligion which they teach, and are now the outcasts of society. Some of them can look back and point with pride to their illustrious ancestors; but they, alas! have wandered from the path of virtue and form part of the vast crowd which roams from place to place, begging for subsistence, or augment the number of those outcasts of our cities. If, then, we do not wish to become like them, we should heed the advice of those who from observation and experience are acquainted with the moral and intellectual effect of novels, and choose for instruction or amusement a better class of literature than fictitious works.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Burke's letters and papers on Irish affairs are to be republished immediately.

—The *Literary World* calls Disraeli "this two-headed phenomenon of literature and politics."

—The Princess of Roumania has translated a number of Roumanian poems into German, and published them at Leipsic.

—The first complete translation of the Bible in English was printed in 1532. A perfect copy of it was sold in 1838 for \$1,750.

—The Empress of Germany has presented Alexis Hol-laender with a copy, splendidly bound, of the score of Liszt's "Christus."

—The gold medal of the British Royal Astronomical Society was awarded to Prof. Axel Möller for his investigations on the motions of Faye's comet.

—Thomas Carlyle summed up the wisdom acquired by his life-long experience in the following important aphorism: "Do the duty that lies next to you."

—Perhaps the most remarkable rarity in Bibliographical literature ever sold under the hammer in this country was Guttenberg's first Bible, which was the first book printed in moveable type. It was sold lately, a purchaser paying \$8,000 for it.

—Noebe, of Wiesbaden, has discovered, after experimenting many years, the secret of the tone volume of the old Italian master violins, which has created marked excitement in Germany. The principle is to produce the volume, not by the large form of the instrument, but by the lines in building the top and belly in such a manner that it surpasses all the old Italian instruments. Joachim, Sarasate, and Sauret have purchased models of Noebe.

—Thomas Carlyle and Charles Lamb were once, it is related, members of a party who were taken to see a pen of exceptionally fine game fowls. Carlyle, in his high moral manner, began to improve the occasion by expatiating

upon the lessons to be learned from the birds. At last, poor, stammering Lamb broke in, "P-p p-perhaps your are a p-p-p-poulterer?" This story is told as a possible explanation of Carlyle's ill-natured remarks about Lamb in his reminiscences.—*Catholic American*.

—The following is a list of the celebrated composers of operas, and at what time of their life they began their first dramatic work: Mozart commenced his career as a dramatic composer at 12 years; Weber and Carafa, at 14; Galuppi and Zingarelli, composed their first operas at the age of 16; Pacini, Petrella, and Cagnoni, at 17; Rossini and Luigi Ricci, at 18; Boieldieu, Handel, Méhul, Cherubini, Salieri, Fiocaranti, Donizetti, at 20; Alessandro Scarlatti, Paër, Meyerbeer, Ponchielli, at 21. At the age of 22 the following names came into notice: Paesello, Spontini, and Pedioti; at 23, Bellini, Jommelli, Wagner, Malachi, Cimarosa; at 24, Pergolesi, Hasse, Grétry, Hérold, Vaccaj, Mercadante, Coccia; at 25, Piccini, Adam, Verdi, and Ambroise Thomas; at 27, Flotow; Glück and Halévy at 28; Lesueur and Auber, at 30; Simon Mayr (Donizetti's teacher), at 31; Gounod, at 33; Lully, at 39; Felicien David, at 41; Tritto, at 45; and Rameau only at the age of 50.

—In his paper entitled "Another World Down Here," W. M. Williams suggests that insects are probably acquainted with a whole world of physical facts of which we are utterly ignorant. Our auditory apparatus supplies us with a knowledge of sounds. What are these sounds? They are vibrations of matter which are capable of producing corresponding or sympathetic vibrations of the drums of our ears or the bones of our skull. When we carefully examine the subject, and count the number of vibrations that produce our world of sounds of varying pitch, we find that the human ear can only respond to a limited range of such vibrations. If they exceed three thousand per second the sound becomes too shrill for average people to hear it, though some exceptional ears can take up pulsations or waves that exceed each other more rapidly than this. Reasoning from the analogy of stretched strings and membranes, and of air vibrating in tubes, etc., we are justified in concluding that the smaller the drum or tube, the higher will be the note it produces when agitated, and the smaller and the more rapid the aerial wave to which it will respond. The drums of insect ears, and the tubes, etc., connected with them, are so minute that their world of sounds probably begins where our ceases; that what appears to us as a continuous sound is to them a series of separated blows, just as vibrations of ten or twelve per second appear separated to us. We begin to hear such vibrations as continuous sounds when they amount to about thirty per second. The insect's continuous sound probably begins beyond three thousand. The blue-bottle may thus enjoy a whole world of exquisite music of which we know nothing.—*Musical Record*.

Scientific Notes.

—A Crematory society has been organized in Brooklyn.

—Dr. Emil Holub has started on an extensive African exploring trip.

—The missionaries on Lake Nyassa are reducing the native language to writing.

—Tobacco smoke contains about eight millilitres of carbonic oxide per 100 grains burnt.

—The *Scientific American* for May 7 contained an illustrated article on the Chicago Water-Works.

—The London Royal Geographical Society has awarded a gold medal to Maj. Pinto and to Mr. B. Leigh Smith.

—An immense galvanic battery consisting of 14,400 cells of chloride of silver and zinc elements has been constructed for use in the lectures at the Royal Institution, London. The charging of the battery occupied three persons a fortnight.

—Dr. Gauthier, of St Paul, has treated 200 cases of diphtheria with only two deaths. The treatment is as follows: The patient is ordered tincture iodine in ten to twelve

drop doses every hour, well diluted with water, so long as the fever lasts, subsequently reducing to ten drops, every two, and finally every three hours. Local applications are made use of at the same time. These latter should be made by the physician at least twice a day. For internal use the decolorized tincture is used. Bread and starchy articles of diet are used in abundance.

—The artificial preservation of timber is perhaps nowhere else carried on so extensively as in France, and, according to a Paris journal, this object is most effectively attained by injecting into the wood—by the hydrostatic pressure of a heavy liquid column, or some similar plan—a solution of the acid tannate of iron. The principle upon which the merit of the plan is based is, as stated, that the action of tannin upon vegetable tissues is analogous to that which it exercises upon the animal tissues, effecting upon the former a kind of tanning, having for its result the formation of hard and imputrescible tannates, quite corresponding to the gelatinous tannates produced in the tanning of skins. This application, therefore, fixes the putrescible matter in the wood—to the presence of which its rotting is attributable—in unalterable combinations, thus preventing their decomposition.

—A correspondent of the *Hartford Times* describes as follows the factory of the Georgia Ice Company at Atlanta: On the ground floor is a boiler 50 feet long and $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter, containing 150 feet of $3\frac{1}{2}$ inch pipe. The boiler is kept filled with aqua ammonia, which is separated by the steam heat into ammonia gas and water. The gas, leaving the water in the boiler, forces its way through a six-inch pipe outside the building to the roof, three stories up, where it passes into 15,000 feet of coiled pipes, into which it is converted into liquid by cold water thrown over it in fountain jets. This liquid passes into 15,000 feet of three-quarter-inch pipe, arranged in vertical sections, 30 feet high and 3 feet apart and its sudden liberation into these pipes turns the liquid pure ammonia into vapor, and the sudden expansion makes the pipes intensely cold. Now, above these hundreds of vertical pipes are innumerable little fountain jets, throwing spray all over the pipes, the spray freezing gradually, forming an immense icicle of pure ice round each pipe. The gas next goes into 15,000 feet of absorbing pipe, and, being cooled by water running on the pipes, it is met by water forced into the pipes, and thus converted back into aqua ammonia, which goes into the big boiler, and is used over again. There is no waste, the same ammonia being used and reabsorbed any number of times. The water used for the spray is drawn from a well, 75 feet deep, on the premises, and the large blocks of ice (which are loosened from the pipes by a little hot steam) come out pure and clear, and entirely free from any odor or objectionable taste. After the pipes have been stripped, about five weeks are required for a new lot of the requisite thickness to form. But, of course, the pipes are never all stripped at the same time, the ice towers being in all stages of formation. The factory has a capacity of thirty-five tons per day, but twenty tons keep pace with the demand, and isn't stored, but cut every day as it is delivered, and it sells at from ten to twelve dollars per ton.

—Lime is undoubtedly one cause of heat in our mines, but it is not the only nor the great heat-producer. Lime is local in its action; the heat produced by it is confined to certain sections of the mines, while underlying the whole length of the lode is that which causes the general heat—namely, the deposits of iron pyrites. The hottest places in the mines are where the heat is generated by both lime and pyrites; it is the heat from the lime added to the general heat from nature's workshop below. The hot springs of Colorado may derive a portion of their heat from the decomposition of lime, but this is only a secondary cause. The great and first cause of heat in springs and mines is the decomposition of iron pyrites—masses of iron and sulphur. At Steamboat Springs and other places in Virginia, and at most of the hot springs in California, the heat is produced by the burning out or decomposition of iron pyrites. At Steamboat Springs the course of the deposits of iron pyrites is northeast and southwest, the same as that of the great mineral-bearing veins of the State. The line of active springs follows the course of this deposit, moving toward the northeast. At

he southwest end are to be seen places where the deposit of iron pyrites and similar minerals carrying large quantities of sulphur has burned out, and the springs have died away. The process of burning out is slowly moving toward the northeast. In 1860 could be seen a new spring just starting up through a thick growth of grass in a bit of a meadow land far in advance of the older and larger ones, but on the same general line, well out to the northeast. The base-metal deposit at Steamboat Springs also has the same dip as the Comstock, and is working east as well as toward the north. By going from half to three-quarters of a mile west of the present active Springs at Steamboat, one may see where the springs were ages ago, along near the croppings or upper edge of the deposit of pyritic matter. As the decomposition proceeded downward and eastward along the dip of the deposit, the steam and hot water found or forced new vertical channels of escape. Some of these openings are probably natural crevices, but the majority are undoubtedly rents produced by the force of steam and pent-up gases. Even on the surface at Steamboat Springs are to be seen long rents from an inch or two to over a foot in width that have a northeast and southwest course. In California some of the hot springs are observed to be dying out at one end of their line and advancing into new ground at the other. At Steamboat Springs may be seen a big mineral vein in process of formation. Ages ago there was probably a line of hot springs along the course of the Comstock. The mines of Europe and Mexico, which are comparatively cold at great depths, are undoubtedly ages and ages older than the Comstock. The Comstock is probably the youngest mine in any part of the world that is now known or being worked. Here, down in the lower levels, we are following close upon the heels of nature,—getting well down into her workshop. As to the heat-generating power of sulphur and iron, those who desire to do so may satisfy themselves. Take a few pounds of iron filings, borings, and drillings from a machine-shop, wet them and mix in a pound or two of sulphur, then tamp the mixture firmly into a hole in the ground,—like a post-hole, covering with two or three inches of dirt, and in a short time there will be seen a miniature volcano, the batch of iron and sulphur taking fire spontaneously.

Exchanges.

—The new board of editors of *The Amherst Student* have settled down to business and get out a lively and interesting paper. The editorial articles are brief, pithy, and practical. "The Romance of a Good Young Man," dedicated to the Freshman Class, is very edifying, and although we have no intention of going as a missionary to reform the cannibals of Ujijiji, we hope the moral will not be lost upon us. The chapters of the story, seven in number, are short, and the notes very instructive for Freshmen. The poetry of this number of the *Student*, "Her Secret," shows that the poetic Muse has been wooed to some purpose.

—*The Lariat*, always a sprightly paper, is steadily improving, and is one of our most welcome exchanges. The May number contains an interesting letter on Canadian colleges in the far Northwest—the "North-Pole region," as the writer terms it. We find the following among the editorial items:

"College journalism is exclusively an American institution. It originated on this side of the Atlantic as a literary magazine. From this it has gradually evolved into the typical college paper. The college paper is a mirror of the undergraduate sentiment, and is a truer index to the true condition of college than its catalogue or other official publications. It is, in brief, the outstanding members of the college faculty."

—*The American Shorthand Writer* for May gives the sixth number of the graded series of lessons in phonography, making the learner acquainted with the *r*, *l*, and *n* hooks, the *spr* contractions, and special vocalizations. A pupil writes: "On first taking up the study of this science it looked to be a terrible task, but the more I know of it the simpler it grows, and the small knowledge of it I already possess I would not give for thrice the expense and labor it cost me. I thank you for your faithful help."

One great benefit of learning through the lessons of the *Writer* is, the absence of temptation to skip, and get mixed up in the apparent intricacies of half and double-length consonants, *con* and *com* dots, *ings* tick, back-strokes, etc., for which the lessons in the *Writer* give a gradual and easy preparation. We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Rowell & Hickcox, one of their adjustable pen fountains, a simple and very practical contrivance by which two or three pages of cap paper can be written without a fresh supply of ink. It can be slipped off a pen when the latter is unfit for use, and placed on a new pen. The price of the fountain is 25 cents.

—Philosophy and stoicism aside, we acknowledge that we are but frail men; and while on the one hand we are prepared to steel ourselves against cynical assaults, and on the other to tear the mask from the face of the flatterer, we cannot but feel pleased at such an encomium on our poor efforts as is given by the exchange editor of *The Cornell Era* in the last number of his paper. Whether the praise be deserved or not, it comes with a whole-heartedness that does one good to see. The exchange editor of the *Era* is a man that possesses the courage of his convictions, and we honor such a man whether we may or not differ with him in his opinions. Such another is the exchange editor of *The College Courier*, with whom for the past six months, we have had a close-cutting but, we hope, mutually friendly discussion. He also had the courage of his convictions, and we but respect this trait, however mistaken he might have been in his premises. The exchange editor of the *Era* says of our paper:

"*The Notre Dame Scholastic* contains a most excellent article upon Thomas Carlyle. Like most all of the literary attempts of this exchange, the article is intensely critical, and justly so. We, however, have expressed before our admiration of the literary tone of this paper, and need not add further praise. An article entitled "Wild Flowers," is worthy of a more extended notice than we can give. The notes upon "Art, Music and Literature," are instructive and interesting. In fact, the whole of the paper is stamped by literary merit of a high order, and is well conducted in all its departments. The *Notre Dame* is the only exchange we have whose tone is unexceptionable, and whose literary articles are worth reading. In the face of so much merited praise, the *Notre Dame* will allow us to add that, as a college journal, we take exception to the heavy literary tendency which marks its productions. However, everything in the paper is worth reading, and that is more than can be said of many of our exchanges."

—*The University* (of the University of Michigan) and the *SCHOLASTIC* have lately commented at some length upon the custom prevalent with newspapers, of all grades and classes, of puffing quack medicines, to the detriment of the health and depletion of the pockets of their subscribers. The custom prevails to such an extent that an editor will, without question, print any number of bogus certificates of cures, provided he is paid for doing so. This is, of course, one of the privileges of a free press; but when an editor stultifies himself so far, his paper must lose, correspondingly, its influence with subscribers. Such a state of affairs betrays either a want of principle or a want of thought, especially on the part of religious papers. We have been among the first to condemn the practice; but that there was good reason for doing so, must be patent to everybody. Many of our papers, even among the religious press, have now dwindled down into advertising organs for hop-bitters and other quack nostrums. The following extract from *The College Transcript*, which we find copied by *The University*, furnishes sad evidences of editorial inconsistency:

"The more intelligent readers of the average newspaper are disgusted with the flaunting advertisement of quack medicines and bogus business offers, which but too often entrap the unsophisticated and promote an illegitimate business. We look upon matter printed and sent out in the form of a newspaper as having much more force and truth than though it were merely spoken to us, often taking without allowance in this way, the words of a person whom we would hardly believe under oath, otherwise. Since, then, the newspaper gives such force to its contained matter, the editors should be very careful what they endorse by placing in their columns. Many of our papers do not give this subject a moment's thought, only desiring to get their share of the plunder, but some of the religious journals do openly propose to advertise nothing that is not known to be all that is claimed for it, thus giving all the greater force to the notices it does insert. But we fear those

same journals are somewhat inconsistent. On reading some such statements in regard to the intentions of the *Western Christian Advocate*, we turned the pages to see if the promise was kept, and the first thing that met our eyes was 'Cancer Cured,' in which a sure cure was promised for an incurable disease, by taking a few bottles of a quack doctor's specific. Encouraged, we looked farther, and on the same page saw an offer of \$350 per month and free samples to agents, by a house known for its swindling propensities. Others were found in this paper that were just as bad. We then took up the *Herald and Presbyterian*, knowing of its professions, to see what it contained of this spurious nature. We found an advertisement from the same firm who offered \$350 per month in the *Advocate*, but the salary was cut down to \$125 in the *Presbyter*, to meet the more careful inspection, probably, of the Presbyterian agents. But just below this was a third of a column notice of an oil, for which it was claimed, after a long list of enumerated things, that it would cure "all other pains and aches." Others were found, but these are a sample. And why will Christian men publish lies that are bound to do so much the greater harm, because of the semblance of truth given them by the place in which they are read? Any sane man knows that no specific is going to cure all diseases in all cases, and references have generally shown that nine-tenths of these great restoratives are the basest of frauds, because of the false hopes they arouse as well as the money they wring from the suffering poor. It is shameful enough to see these fraudulent articles recommended in the secular papers, but when they are placed in the columns of religious journals, under an assertion that nothing of a deceiving nature is to be found there, it becomes not only shameful, but an outrage, upon the unsuspecting readers."

College Gossip.

—A "retiring fund" for Harvard professors has been started: over \$21,000 has already been subscribed.—*Ex.*

—One of the professors has informed the pupils under his charge that the *Springfield Republican* is not fit food for an immortal soul.—*Amherst Student.*

—Prof. Mather has received \$1,500 for the Art Gallery, from J. M. Southworth, of Springfield, making the total gift from that source \$5,000.—*Student.*

—A student, who was punished for stepping on a Professor's toe, inquired if he suffered in accordance with the Corn Laws. The Professor acknowledged the corn.

—1st Fresh at Glee Club concert—"What is that thing the leader puts in his mouth and then to his ear?" 2d Fresh—"Oh, that's what they call a pitchfork."—*Princetonian.*

—During President Potter's administration, the number of students at Union has doubled, endowments to the amounts of \$500,000 have been secured, and now Judge Parsons, of New York, has just given \$50,000 for the formation and maintenance of thirteen scholarships.

—If there is one mistake above another into which a college student is specially prone to fall, we think it to be a forgetfulness or disregard of the laws of politeness and good breeding.—*Racine College Mercury.* And yet one would think this should be the last mistake a college student should make.

—Chicago's University is in danger of being sold out under a mortgage foreclosure. "Millions for elevators, but not a cent for a University," is the motto of the Prairie City.—*N. Y. Herald.* "Millions for stock-jobbing, but not a cent for college bequests," is the motto of the Empire City.—*C. C. N. Y. Free Press.*

—It is estimated that the bequest to Yale College, of the late Dr David P. Smyth of Springfield, Mass., will amount to between \$40,000 and \$50,000, and will be used to endow a professorship, as will also the \$60,000 left to the law school, by the late Judge Lafayette S. Foster. The will of Dr. Porter increases the amount he has already left to Yale to over \$200,000.—*Harvard Echo.*

—The University appropriation bill passed the House last week, with only four dissenting votes. The bill appropriates \$100,000 for a library building, \$30,000 of which is to be drawn and expended in 1881, and \$70,000 in 1882; \$12,000 for the dental college; \$7,500 for a sewer, draining the University grounds; \$3,500 for the erection and equipment of an eye and ear ward in the University

hospital; \$7,000 for the hospital; \$2,500 for the erection and equipment of a mechanical laboratory; \$4,000 for the homœopathic hospital; \$5,000 for books for the library; \$15,000 to reimburse the general fund of the University for the erection and equipment of additions to the chemical laboratory; \$4,000 for the homœopathic college. Total, \$160,500. This bill also passed the Senate, last Wednesday.—*Chronicle.*

—The following from a late number of that best of college papers, *The University*, of the University of Michigan, is a pretty strong proof that co-education is not what its champions represent it:

MR. EDITOR:—On several occasions I have been shocked by the disgraceful conduct of a few individuals in the Medical lecture-room, who improve every opportunity to expose their lack of breeding by unmanly conduct toward the ladies, who have of late been forced by circumstances, which neither they nor the Faculty could control, to listen to the lectures with the gentlemen. The conduct of one professor, in valiantly standing by the inviolable (?) rule of the Board of Regents which provides for separate courses of lectures for the sexes, aside from lectures on Chemistry, is commendable, and if circumstances would permit the other members of the Faculty to likewise stand by their colors, I am quite sure that severe trials would be spared many sensitive members of a class who are already forced to endure many hardships and to whom is hence due every consideration and courtesy possible. A few evenings since, the ladies were assembled in the lower lecture-room at the hour for the lecture from the chair of *Materia Medica*, supposing a lecture was to be given to the combined classes by another professor. The Secretary of the Faculty was deputed to perform the unpleasant duty of notifying them of their mistake. And to the embarrassment of being compelled to make their exit from the amphitheater by dodging amid the fast accumulating throng of gentlemen, were added the jeers and side remarks of some of the students occupying seats which the ladies were obliged to pass. Such conduct is unseemly and disgusting in the extreme, and can reflect only on the character of those guilty of it. It is probable that a good joke can be appreciated by a "co-ed," but it is too much to be continually subjected to remarks which are akin to sneers and insults from people with whom circumstances render it expedient that we be brought into occasional contact."

EXCHANGES.

THE SONG OF THE SCISSORS.

With fingers inky and cramped,
And paste on his clothes and his face,
The editor sits in his sanctum,
A grinding out copy apace.

Scratch! scratch! scratch!
Through wit and wisdom and news,
And ever before him the terrible batch
Of ex'crable ex's he views.

Paste! paste! paste!
All manner of curious things;
And still with a voice of hideous pitch,
A doleful ditty he sings:

Clip! clip! clip!
From *Scholastic* and *Index* and *Sun*;
And scratch! scratch! scratch!
Till the wretched record is done.

Till each of the host, the *Era* and *Post*,
The *Chronicle*, *Echo* and *News*,
With mimicry madness, and well-concealed sadness,
The righteous reviewer reviews.

From *Illini*, *Mag.* and *Vidette*,
From *Ariel*, *Rambler*, and all,
With scissors and paste, in immoderate haste,
He cribs, with the gallingest gail.

Snip! snip! snip!
With endeavor his readers to please;
Sometimes he credits and sometimes not,
As his taste or his fancy decrees.

Clip! clip! clip!
And then what his fellows will vex,
Scratch! scratch! scratch!
As he credits it simply to "Ex."

University Press.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, June 4, 1881.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the FOURTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—We have heard a great deal of late of the determination of the Government to put a stop to Mormon polygamy, but events do not justify the promise. Two hundred Mormons lately landed in New York from the steamship Wyoming, and have been allowed to go to the Mormon nest in Utah. The immigrants, 197 in all—men, women and children—are the vanguard of a new army of polygamists picked up in England, Scotland, and the Protestant cantons of Switzerland, by Elder Dunbar, who has been scouring Europe for recruits during the past two years. What the result will be, unless this nefarious business is suppressed, it were hard to tell; but as time draws apace, it is evident that the difficulties likely to ensue in suppressing polygamy are gaining in strength and number. Polygamy is outlawed; and the question is, Why does not the Government enforce the law? Elder Dunbar told a reporter for one of the New York papers that he thought the day was at hand when Mormonism would be the "popular" religion and cease to be reviled or persecuted. He says he has brought only a small lot of recruits with him this time, but expects that before the end of the year there will be an emigration of 10,000 Mormons to this country. What does the Government intend to do on the Mormon question? If, in time, the Mormons become strong enough to snap their fingers in the face of the Government, and prepare to defend themselves by force of arms, we think that, as a punishment for their inaction that permitted this, the United States Executive, and both Houses of Congress should be turned into the field to suppress them and vindicate the outraged majesty of the law. They would make an intelligent lot of "sojers"; and if their powder ran out, or got wet, they could go into executive session on the battle-field and mow

down the Mormons by Acts of Congress. With Senator David Davis, and a few others like him, leading the van, the rest of the senatorial army would be comparatively secure; for Davis would of himself form secure breastwork for an army of such men as Mahone, Ingalls, and Davis of Va., and stop any number of bullets and cannon-balls. General Sherman should have them out, by all means.

—And now our exchange editor has got himself into a scrape through his notice of the grand holiday number of *Browne's Phonographic Monthly*. That number contained a photograph and sketch—or what purported to be such—of T. William Bell, with two pages of imitation phonetic scrawl said to be a fac-simile of T. William Bell's phonographic notes, for a transcription of which Mr. Browne offered a ten-years' subscription to the *Monthly*. Our exchange editor would like to have had the ten-years' subscription, but on glancing over the notes he gave it up in despair.

It seems the editor of the *Phonographic Monthly* has been perpetrating a huge practical joke, for we have received a letter from Mr. T. W. Bell himself which shows Mr. Browne's article to be farcical in the extreme, and the photograph and fac-simile notes ditto. Mr. Browne's photograph represents a man about seventy years old, apparently a well-to-do farmer, and we learn from *The Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer* for February, a copy of which we have received from Mr. Bell, that, instead of being born in Ohio, as Mr. Browne represents, and being a candidate for office, Mr. Bell is now only twenty-one years of age, and probably a candidate for the matrimonial state instead of the legislature. A photograph in the *Illustrated Shorthand Writer* shows him to be a handsome young man, and unless he and Mr. Browne are rivals for the same lady's hand, we fail to see the motive of the latter in traducing him. Mr. Bell is a resident of St. John, N. B., whence his letter is dated. He is said to be familiar with seven leading systems of phonography; commenced with Duploye in 1877, passed his examination, received a diploma from Paris, and became a member of L'Institute Stenographique des deux Mondes, and is now editor of the phonographic department of *The Printers' Miscellany*, published in St. John, N. B., by Hugh Finlay. Mr. Bell writes a neat, clerkly hand, not at all like that given with Mr. Browne's old man, and our exchange editor says that his fac-simile notes in the *C. I. Shorthand Writer* is a neat specimen of the Graham system, if the latter can be called a system, for both it and the Munson system are only Pittman modified, some say improved, but it were hard to improve upon the original system. We leave it to those who are skilled in the science of "winged words" to decide.

Mr. Bell says some hard things of Mr. Browne in his letter, but we suppose the latter gentleman was prepared for a storm and hoisted his bomb-proof umbrella after penning his libellous article.

"Browne's specimen of my notes (so-called), and the photo-sketch, etc., are forgeries of the worst kind. His idea in publishing the meaningless scrawl, and offering ten year's subscription to the *Monthly* being intended to impress upon the minds of uninitiated, that Graham's system is worthless. I will send you a copy of Bengough's *Shorthand Writer*, containing exposition of the fraud, and correct fac-simile of my notes, etc."

All of which goes to show that Mr. D. L. Scott-Browne

is a wicked practical joker, that he has made false representations in regard to Mr. T. William Bell, and should do penance in sackcloth and ashes for a reasonable term.

—Were we to judge of the enlightenment of a people by the amount of reading done, surely to the American people, we might award the palm for excellence. We cannot, however, judge by such a criterion; for it is only good literature that builds up the mind, and adds strength to the reasoning faculty. Too little of such literature is read; and, instead, our people turn their minds to lighter productions calculated to cause for a time forgetfulness of business troubles, but resulting, sooner or later, in the most serious injuries to the readers. There are now too many writers of cheap literature. Their productions overwhelm the country, and add number upon number to the heap already grown too large, and pregnant with the mind-destroying poison dropped from the pens of immoral men.

It cannot be denied that the tendency of a large part of the literature of the present day is to produce a most demoralizing effect upon its readers. What pleasure a person can find in the perusal of such matter can scarcely be comprehended; still, it is a well-known fact that, in our great metropolis alone, there are sold, weekly, many thousand copies of papers containing stories calculated to arouse the grosser passions of young men, and to destroy all their manly feelings. They steal away that innocence, modesty, and uprightness, admirable in all, but especially so in the young, and substitute in their place a love of sensual pleasures, and a craftiness of disposition, more in accordance with the training of a semi-barbarous youth than with one endowed with every means of self-advancement. Nor does it have this effect upon young men alone, but on persons whose minds are more fully developed, and, in some cases, upon those who, by their age, talents and education, should give a good example to the young, and be the means of leading their minds to noble aims, and to holy and sublime aspirations. Such reading has, too, a lamentable effect upon the national character for virtue, which should animate the breast of every youth; for how can the young man who cares not for the country become a good citizen?—unless, indeed, a miracle is worked to place in a breast devoid of every manly feeling a love of country. Exciting and unwholesome stories take away that love of his country's history, and of the tales of revolutionary times; and with that love perish his affectionate regard to the liberty of the nation, and his desire for its moral and intellectual progress.

The greatest evil, however, that can result from an habitual perusal of such literature, is the loss of memory. If there is one thing that tends more than another to lower a man in the estimation of his fellow-creatures, and to make him an object of mingled scorn and pity, it is that species of imbecility of mind which arises from such a loss. It is impossible for one to give his attention to such reading without feeling a loss of memory. The mind is constantly kept on the rack by the excitement experienced in following some mythical hero through his thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes, and soon such a point is reached that it is almost impossible to turn back. The reader continues to feed his mind upon the adventures he has read with that avidity with which the miser gloats on his hoarded gains. This unnatural tension of the mind

destroys its power, just as a rope is broken when too great a weight is placed upon it.

The last effect of this literature is, perhaps, the most doleful to contemplate, viz., the effect that it will produce upon posterity. If it be true that "the deeds of men live after them,"—and undoubtedly it is,—what a monument will such writers have erected to their name and fame! They will rise from their graves in the spirit of their writings, and, inspired with the zeal of the arch-fiend, will sap from unoffending posterity faith and religion, purity and innocence. Sensational in the highest degree, such literature will destroy all love for philosophy and the ennobling sciences; each succeeding generation becoming weaker and weaker. In time, the turning point will be reached, and the descent to barbarism will have begun.

Why then, when we know these evils, do we countenance such literature? It must be that we do not rightly estimate the great evil occasioned by the loss of purity and uprightness, integrity and moral worth. It cannot be that we are aware of the pleasure snatched away by a loss of memory. Is it not a great loss, when we are unable to stop for a moment the hurried pace of time, and transport ourselves away into the dim vista of the past, calling up pleasing reminiscences of our childhood? This is, truly, a great loss; but how much greater, when the taste for sound and elevating studies, and divine teachings, is swallowed up in following the adventures of a pirate chief, a debauchee, or some such heroes? Then, too, what an inducement we have in discountenancing such debasing literature in the thought that it will be a bane to people yet unborn!

—Last Saturday evening's *soirée* was, in many respects, the best of the year, and, consequently, afforded great pleasure to the large audience that assembled in the rotunda on the occasion. The first thing that caught our eye in glancing over the programme was "Symphony," (Haydn) Quintette. We expected something good, and were not disappointed; for we noticed that the Quintette was composed of our famous University Quartette, with the addition of Master Frank Grever of the Staff, as flutist. It proved a happy accession to the Quartette; for Frank, being an excellent player and thorough master of his instrument, did much towards winning the tremendous applause given the Quintette when the last sweet strains of Haydn's "Symphony" had died away. Nearly three quarters of an hour were consumed in its rendition, during which the vast audience were held spell-bound. We can but compliment the musicians on the perfect manner in which they performed the "Symphony." *Der Freischütz* (Weber), a duett, by Master J. Homan and Prof. Paul, the former playing the piano accompaniment to the violin, in the skillful hands of the Professor, was not a very difficult, though pretty, selection. Master Homan has certainly made marked proficiency in his chosen branch of the fine arts, and on this occasion manipulated the keys gracefully and well. Then followed what to us, and to many others, proved to be a great disappointment.

At the late Philopatrian Exhibition Master L. Florman sang a beautiful song, "Handful of Earth," in such a charming manner as to receive a well-merited *encore*, and call forth the highest and most flattering encomiums of all who had the pleasure of hearing him on that occasion. As we had taught the young gentleman the song, and

played the accompaniment to it, we did not, when speaking editorially of the exhibition, accord Master Florman that praise which we were aware he had richly deserved, simply because it would leave us open to the charge of egotism. We, therefore, let him pass with slight notice. But when we were informed, in the beginning of the week, that Master Florman would sing at Saturday evening's *soirée*, we resolved to make amends for our omissions in the report of the Philopatrians' Entertainment. But we have already said that we were disappointed; not that the young gentleman did not acquit himself admirably well in his solo, not that his voice was not in proper trim, but because the piece selected for him was not one suited for the drawing out of his clear, rich voice; *Der Schnertzerbur*, a German song, by Franz Abt, was the one sung by him on this occasion. Had the song been an English one, as we have been told the manager of the *soirée*, Prof. Paul, had desired it to be, but for some reason or other failed to have his desire—which was also that of Master Florman—complied with, the audience would have been better satisfied. "Nocturne" (Laybach) was the title of a piano solo brilliantly executed by Master C. F. Rietz, who is already one of the best pianists in the Preparatory department. "Nocturne" (Laybach) contains several "runs," which Charley made in time and with expression. *Le Chant du Berger* (Schulhoff), played by Master Friedman, with violin support by Prof. Paul, was one of the shortest, though, perhaps, most entertaining pieces on the programme. Friedman is but a novice in the art, but promises, judging from the manner in which he acquitted himself in this *soirée*, to become an excellent performer.

Now came something of which the audience manifested their appreciation by an *encore*. We refer to the German song, "Tears," sung with a clear and well-trained voice, by Prof. Ackerman. This is the third time that we have had the pleasure of listening to Prof. Ackerman's singing, and the oftener we hear him, the more we desire to listen to him. True it is that we cannot understand German, but that in no way interferes with the pleasure given us in listening to German songs, when sung by a person capable of singing them well. Our objection to Florman's song is not because of its having been German, but because we are sure that he can sing English better. If proof were asked of us, we would but refer to his singing at the May Devotions, last Tuesday evening, when, many say, he even sung better than at the Philopatrian Exhibition. We said that Prof. Ackerman was *encored*; he responded by singing, at the special request of President Corby, the comic German song, "Johnny Schmoker," which took the audience by storm, they receiving it with *éclat*. Clayton's Grand March (Blake), by W. Hoffman, Senior department, closed the programme, several pieces being omitted owing to the lateness of the hour. Hoffman is one of the leading pianists of the Senior department; he got through his piece, a fine one, be it said, in grand style.

President Corby then arose, and in a few becoming words expressed his perfect satisfaction with the evening's Entertainment. Among the visitors present were: Mrs. Colonel Otis, Mrs. Captain Woodson, Miss Higdon, and Rev. Father Kittel. We were well pleased with the *soirée*, save the one feature to which we have already alluded.

—An old lady in Texas says she could never imagine where all the Smiths came from until she saw in a New England town a large sign with the words—"Smith Manufacturing Company."

Personal.

—Prof. Luigi Gregori, of Chicago, Ill., is at the University.

—Henry Foote (Prep.), '79, is attending school at Burlington, Iowa.

—Gerald Quinn (Prep.), '79, is attending school at Springfield, Ill.

—Luke Evers, B. S., ('78) is in a Theological Seminary near Troy, N. Y.

—F. Glade (Prep.), '79, is in Bryant & Stratton's Business College, Chicago, Ill.

—Rev. Father Roche, St. Vincent's, Ind., is spending a few days at the University.

—John Weitzel, '79, is in the confectionary business with his father, at Frankfort, Ky.

—Bro. Stanislaus, C. S. C., went to Chicago on important business, Tuesday morning.

—Mr. T. Nelson, Chicago, Ill., is here, with a force of men, beautifying the College parlor.

—Miss Higdon, of Kentucky, niece to Bros. Thomas and Louis, C. S. C., is spending a few days at the University.

—Ed. Gaines, '79, is in the American Express Office at Niles, Mich. He intends removing to Chicago some time next month.

—We lately received a letter from our friend, Master F. B. Phillips, Fort Wayne, Ind. Frank desires to be remembered to all his old friends.

—Bro. Eusebius, C. S. C., who has been traveling for *The Ave Maria* "in the South for the past five or six months, returned to Notre Dame last week.

—W. Hake, '80, is now travelling in Europe. Will intends spending the summer in doing Europe, when he will again resume his studies at this University.

—Last week we stated that Colonel Otis, U. S. A., and lady were to remain with us until Commencement. In a conversation with the Colonel, Saturday last, he informed us that he was not only to remain here until Commencement, but that he and family would make Notre Dame their headquarters permanently. We are glad of this, as we are sure everyone will be, who has made the acquaintance of the excellent gentleman.

—We learn from the *Printer's Circular* that "Ballard Smith, a graduate of Notre Dame University, has vacated the position of managing editor of the New York Sun. It is said that he left the place because his enterprise was too expensive for big-dividend-loving stockholders. He was the fourth managing editor of the *Sun* since it passed under the control of Charles A. Dana. Mr. Smith formerly held editorial position on the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and New York *World*. Dr. William Chambers, who established *Chambers Journal* nearly 40 years ago, still continues to conduct that magazine with unabated energy. This goes beyond Dr. S. C. Hall's editorship of the *Art Journal*, for 42 years without a break.—*South-Bend Tribune*.

Ballard was a student of '70, we believe.

Local Items.

—Ice-cream and lemonade.

—Did you see that ten-dollar hat?

—Members of the bar—Gymnasts.

—The Minims had the "boss" banquet.

—Not a vestige of the old clothes-house remains.

—Spring has passed, and summer makes it next.

—The polite way to chew tobacco is to eschew it.

—The greatest blower on the face of the earth—Wind.

—The long-prayed-for rain came last Tuesday afternoon.

—The St. Cecilia's are holding rehearsals every night.

—"Stonewall" is confident of winning the SCHOLASTIC prize.

—Rev. Father O Keeffe has our thanks for favors received.

—"Duzen" mailed at least one extra copy of last week's SCHOLASTIC.

—Every one has seen a peanut stand, but who ever saw one sit down?

—The viol and the horn are the most liquid of musical instruments.

—Most farmers do not care for flowers, yet they are all fond of their phlox.

—The man who broke the news is advised to be more careful next time.

—The "Gambolier's" white linen duster gave him away last Sunday evening.

—Several new hydrants are being placed around the University buildings.

—Our poet was somewhat under the weather for a few days of the past week.

—The earliest loan on record is the enchantment which distance lent to the view.

—A few drops of rain fell on Monday afternoon. They did not begin to lay the dust.

—The boys who spent last Saturday at the St. Joe report having had an excellent time.

—Well, "Hec," we are sorry that we did not have what you asked us for, Sunday evening.

—Some of the b'hoys are very anxious to take a plunge in the clear, cool waters of Lake St. Joe.

—The hot weather accounts for the difficulty many experience in their endeavors to keep cool.

—Masters Florman and Echlin sang a beautiful duet, last Monday evening, at the May Devotions.

—A man has his hands full when he is sinking in the St. Joe, with nothing but water to catch hold of.

—"O for a thousand tongues!" shouted our impassioned orator. Let us be thankful he hasn't got them.

—Those who attend next Tuesday evening's Entertainment will see the only genuine Virginia Mummy.

—Our friend John says that the cat is the most reliable of all poets. You can always depend on its mews.

—A circle has neither beginning nor end, and yet we may unravel a cipher or come to the end of a ring.

—No one can read Chaucer without speedily reaching the conclusion that he spelled with a great deal of "ees."

—Cheerfulness should be encouraged. The world is full of people who volunteer to look sad and feel melancholy.

—We feel ourselves under obligations to Messrs. Orrick and McDermott for favors shown us on Monday afternoon.

—It is not necessary to threaten a bad man, for his own deeds threaten him with a worse punishment than you can inflict.

—The "Staves" will "get outside of" three gallons of ice-cream this afternoon. Prof. Edwards has their thanks for the treat.

—Frank and Rob do like to sit in the window to enjoy the fresh, cool evening breeze. They got a "breeze" Sunday evening.

—"Toothpick," as we learn through a friend writing us from Detroit, is one of the leading society men in the City of the Straits.

—Our friend John informs us that it is not generally known that Fiji is so called because most of its inhabitants are fidgets.

—Never trample on another's feelings—especially if those feelings are corns, encased in boots larger than those you wear yourself.

—There are good prospects of a funeral at Notre Dame soon, and everything to point to "Nep" as the prospective corpse.

—The cake promised to the neatest table during the month of May was awarded, *ex æquo*, to the tables of Bros. Leander and Edwin.

—The Curator of the Museum desires us to return his thanks to Masters Mendel and Start for donations received and services rendered.

—Masters H. Metz and W. Hanavin, Minim department, will please accept our thanks for favors shown us last Sunday afternoon.

—Don't be suspicious of everybody. The man who is everlastingly looking for evil can find the greatest quantity of it in his own life.

—The earth drinks more in one night, sometimes, than all its inhabitants put together could for years; and yet no one ever saw it "off its base."

—"Insults," says a modern philosopher, "are like counterfeit money. We cannot prevent their being offered, but we are not obliged to take them."

—Guy is not convalescing as rapidly as many of his friends would wish. The extremely hot, dry weather of the past two weeks must be blamed for it.

—The "Ave Maria," published at Notre Dame, is the most largely circulated and best edited Catholic magazine in America.—*South-Bend Tribune*. Correct!

—Rev. Father Fitté celebrated the 10-o'clock Mass Sunday last. Masters Rhodius, Browne and Tourtillotte were head acolytes; Masters H. Metz and J. Nester, light-bearers.

—The Juniors spent all day Wednesday in fishing. The largest one was caught by Master G. Haslam, and, strange to say, could travel faster by land than by water.

—The Commencement Exercises of Notre Dame University will take place on the 23d inst. A large concourse of people will have assembled here from all parts on that occasion.

—Mr. P. Shickey, at the request of several citizens, will run his 'bus on Sundays to Notre Dame, for Divine Service, starting from the Court House at 9:15 a. m.—*South-Bend Tribune*.

—Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, who will be the Orator of the day at our Commencement Exercises, is said to be an eloquent speaker. We expect to hear something good from "our Carter."

—If a man's word is not as good as his bond, the best thing is to get on without either. If this can't be done, look well to the bond, and treat the word as though it had never been spoken.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to fifty persons, at 6 o'clock, last Wednesday morning, in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

—The Annual Banquet of the Boat Club took place in Coquillard's Grove last Wednesday. The President of the Club, Rev. J. O'Keeffe, and several of the Faculty were in attendance. It was a rich affair.

—Carter Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, will be the Orator of the day at our Commencement Exercises. Archbishop Feehan, Bishop Dwenger, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, will honor us with their presence.

—Who can tell us how many gallons of water is daily drawn from the Minims' pump to slake the thirst of a throat-parched community? Students may be found drinking the cool, crystal liquid at all hours of the day.

—In honor of the "NEW MINIM," Right Rev. Joseph Dwenger, D. D., the notes of the other students of the department were overlooked this week; therefore, the names of the fifty-two Minims appear on the Roll of Honor.

—Our astronomers were on the *qui vive* for the eclipse of the sun, Saturday evening. They "swept the heavens" with a powerful telescope; but for reasons best known to themselves, failed to take any satisfactory observations.

—"What are you cutting at there, you dolt,"

We said to a smart young man;

"Can anything be as dumb as you?"

Quoth he: "An oyster can."

—The long after-supper recreations are now the most enjoyable of the day. They are spent by the stately Seniors in discussing the most important topics of the day, by the Juniors and Preps. in circumambulating the lakes and perambulating the groves, and by the Minims in all kinds of sport on their campus.

—There are a great many persons in the world who are

bound by the close ties of blood to the man who said that he had laid up two shillings—one for himself, and one for the Lord,—but that the one intended for the Lord had been lost in an unfortunate speculation.

—"Echo" writes us that a game of baseball took place on the Junior Campus, last Sunday, immediately after Vespers, between the Young Americas of the Minim department and a picked nine of the Junior department, resulting in a score of 9 to 4, in favor of the Juniors.

—The St. Cecilians will give a public Entertainment in Washington Hall next Tuesday evening. Prof. Lyons says that this will be positively the last appearance of the St. Cecilians in the "old Hall." The new Exhibition Hall will be in readiness for next September.

—Very Rev. Father General's Parisian dinner was a splendid affair. His thirty invited guests and fifty-two Minims say that it was gotten up with regal magnificence. The Minims' bill of fare, made out by themselves—and, as may easily be imagined, rather extravagant—was exactly filled.

—During the Minims' banquet, on Wednesday afternoon, Bishop Dwenger, having put on one of the Cadet's military caps, walked up and down the refectory in military style, to the great enjoyment of his young friends. One of them, who sat at our right, said that the Bishop should get four for refectory, or a detention.

—There is one desire which is more likely to be fatal than any other known to medical science, and yet we cannot remember to have seen it mentioned in any book of pathology. We even fear that there is no scientific name by which it is known, but in the expressive vocabulary of every-day life it is called "wind on the brain."

—The 27th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society was held May 16th. Selections in music were given by L. Florman, G. Haslam, G. Schaefer, L. Gibert. Declamations were given by A. Rohrbach, M. Herrick, J. Devitt, F. Dorsel, A. Browne, G. O'Kane, E. Cullinene, F. Prenatt, and H. P. Dunn. Master A. Rohrbach was elected to represent the Association on Society Day.

—The Minims seem to have been proof against that dreadful, and now fearfully prevalent contagion, spring-fever; even June, the month of mosquitoes, pinchbugs, and of all kinds of "squills, to which heir am flesh to," to use the quotation as we heard a Mississippi darkey give it; June, the first of the summer months, the month of Commencements, etc., etc., seems to have effected no change for the better in the fever-stricken.

—"Look at that new-fashioned awning!" exclaimed our friend John to us the other day, as we were passing the Academy of Music. Looking in the direction indicated, sure enough, we thought we beheld a new-fangled style of those summer luxuries, when suddenly the supposed awning was drawn in, and in its stead appeared the physiognomy of a rising young law student. The awning turned out to be a pair of No. twelves, dangling over the window-sill.

—The Band serenaded Very Rev. Father L'Etourneau last Sunday evening. After playing a lively air, they were invited to the Very Rev. Father's room where they found the Staff comfortably seated, listening to Prof. Paul drawing forth music's sweetest tones from a grand organ purchased from the firm of Clough & Warren, Detroit, Mich. After some time spent in a highly enjoyable manner, all adjourned to the refectory, in which refreshments, supplemented with Bro. Thomas's "best," were partaken of.

—The Detroit Baseball Club seems bent upon winning the championship for '81. During the past two weeks they have been swinging the willow with a vengeance, defeating almost every nine in the League. Our young friends from the Wolverine regions rejoice with exceeding great joy. The three Campaus, of Detroit; The Nesters, of Saginaw; D. C. Smith, of Adrian; Morrisson, of Jackson, and others, are confident that the Michiganders will fly the pennant in '81. We would not feel much afflicted in seeing the young gentlemen's hopes realized.

—The Junior Archconfraternity has purchased a magnificent sanctuary lamp, which may now be seen in the

new College Chapel. From it will soon depend a silver plate, on which will be engraved the names of the members of the Confraternity. The young gentlemen of this Association deserve unstinted praise for the truly commendable zeal and activity evinced by them in their desire to leave behind them some memorial by which they may show their attachment to the Society in which they claim membership, and at the same time set a precedent worthy the imitation of their successors.

—The 26th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held Tuesday evening, May 31. Declamations were delivered by Masters J. Dwenger and F. Farrelly. Master W. Hanavin moved that, inasmuch as Bishop Dwenger had become a member of the Minim department, and, having the requisite ability, etc., he be admitted to membership in the Sorin Association. The proposition was accepted with *éclat*, and the Bishop was unanimously elected. A committee of three was appointed to await upon his lordship, and notify him of his election; he received the news with evident satisfaction.

—A volunteer detachment from Auten Post, G. A. R., under the command of Capt. P. Solomon, visited the beautiful Cedar Grove Cemetery at Notre Dame, this forenoon, to decorate the graves of the soldiers who are buried there. Bro. Francis met the detachment at the entrance, and showed where each soldier's grave was; and there, shaded from the bright sun by the waving cedars and Lombardy poplars, the boys strewed flowers on each grave of the sleeping heroes. The soldiers buried there are: Charles Bertrand, John A. Begline, Frank Coquillard, Peter Davis, Peter Donahue, Nick Fritzer, Augustine Lario, Dennis O. Maley, Wm. Regan, Wm. Reynolds, James Smith, and two unknown.—*South Bend Tribune*.

—The 31st and 32d regular meetings of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association were held May 21st and 28th respectively. E. Orrick's oration on "Agricultural Pursuits" was well-written and well-delivered. Master E. Fischel read a well-written composition on "The Force of Habit." J. O'Neill gave us "The Life and Times of Chaucer." Master N. Nelson then appeared to advantage in a good composition. C. Tinley described the Roman amphitheatre, and C. Brinkman, Longfellow's "Launching of the Ship." After this, the parts in the play, to be given on the 7th of June, were given out. Public readers: C. Tinley, E. Orrick, R. Fleming, F. Grever, C. Brinkman, N. Nelson, E. Fischel, J. Burns, A. Bodine, C. McDermott, J. Guthrie, G. Rhodius, J. Heffernan, A. Coghlin, and F. Kleine.

—St. Cecilia Hall contains a photograph of Napoleon I, taken from a sketch made immediately after the Emperor's death by the attendant physician, and presented by him to a family, who idolized the dead Emperor. They had a painting made from it by the best artist of the day, and they held, and still do hold it, among their most valued possessions, refusing through years every request to copy or exhibit. However, after the France-German war, a fair was held for the benefit of the sufferers in Alsace and Lorraine, and the picture was loaned for exhibition. Its exquisite beauty excited such enthusiasm that a photographer stole into the section of the hall where it was hanging and made a copy secretly, selling dozens of the *cartes* before the fact came to the knowledge of the owners. An injunction was laid on the negative at once, and the copies still in the possession of the photographer were seized and destroyed. One of the *cartes* had previously been purchased by an American tourist, and from it a copy was made and presented to the Rev Editor of *The Ave Maria*, with the request that it should never be reproduced. Rev. Father Hudson has the thanks of the President and members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, who prize the photograph very highly.

—The feast, or grand dinner, given to the Minims by Very Rev. Father General, last Wednesday afternoon, was unquestionably the richest banquet and most high-toned affair of the kind ever given, in our recollection, at Notre Dame. Very Rev. Father General had promised them a grand dinner when their number would have swelled to fifty. At the time this promise was made, the Minims numbered forty-seven. Two came shortly afterwards, making forty-nine. But how to get the coveted fiftieth! June was near at hand; consequently, the prospects for the

fiftieth Minim were anything but encouraging. Such was the state of affairs when, one day, Bishop Dwenger, of Ft. Wayne, visited Notre Dame, and hearing of the dilemma in which the Minims stood, resolved to assist them by offering himself as a Minim to Very Rev. Father General. Father General accepted the offer; and, true to his word, the Bishop took out his bill of studies and entered the Minim department, thereby securing the promised dinner, which came off as we have already stated, last Wednesday, at two o'clock. We are sorry that our crowded columns will not permit us to speak in detail of all that took place thereat. Suffice it to say, that every one who had the honor of being invited thereto by Very Rev. Father General, was well satisfied. Dinner over, Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger was presented with a handsome gold cross as a mark of the esteem in which the Minims hold him for the honor his lordship has conferred upon them in becoming a member of their department. We shall endeavor to have a full account, in our next issue, of all that occurred at this banquet. The following is a complete list of the invited guests present: Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Very Rev. Father General, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross; Very Rev. President Corby, Very Rev. Fathers Granger, Rézé, and L'Etourneau; Rev. Fathers Paul, Frère, Toohey, Saulnier, Roche, Zahm, Hudson, Walsh, Stoffel, Franciscus; Profs. Edward and Gregori; Colonel E. A. Otis, U. S. A.; Bros. Edward and Amandus. The Minims desire us to return their warmest thanks to Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger and to their beloved Father General for the rich treat.

—Books added to the Lemonnier Library during the past week: Parnassus, edited by Ralph Waldo Emerson; Songs of Three Centuries, edited by John Greenleaf Whittier; The Family Library of British Poetry, from Chaucer to the Present Time, 1350-1878, edited by James T. Fields and Edwin P. Whipple; American Female Poets, by Caroline May; Poems, by Francis Sargent Osgood; English Songs and Other Small Poems, by Barry Cornwall; Songs in The Night and Other Poems, by the Author of Christian Schools and Scholars; Gerald Griffin's Poems and Tragedy of Gesippus; Lyric Poems, Sonnets and Miscellanies, by George Lunt; Dolce Far Niente, by John R. Tait; Lover's Poetical Works; Verses, Irish and Catholic, Rev. Matthew Russell; Canadian Ballads and Occasional Verses, by Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Montreal, 1858; The Rhymer's Club, by an Honorary Member, New York, 1859; Poems, by William J. McClure; Chastilard, a Tragedy, by Swinburne; Poetical Works of William Collins; Velasco, a Tragedy in Five Acts, by Epes Sargent; The New Pastoral, by Thomas Buchanan Read; The Poems of George D. Prentice, edited by John Piatt; The Pioneer, a Poem, by William Seton, Esq.; Snatches of Song, by Mary A. McMullen (Una); Poems and Plays for Catholics, by Sisters of Mercy; The Spanish Ballads, translated by J. G. Lockhart and the Chronicles of The Cid, by Robert Southey; The Poetical Works of Winthrop Mackworth Praed; Hesper, and Other Poems, by Theo. H. Hill, Raleigh, North Carolina, 1861, Entered According to Act of Confederate States; Donata, and Other Poems, by Adidnac; Avolio, A Legend of the Island of Cos, with Other Poems, by Paul H. Hayne; The Queen Mother and Rosamond, by Swinburne; Faith and Fancy, by John Savage; Lord Byron's Poetical Works; Hymns, by Frederick William Faber; Songs for Catholic Schools, Dr. Cummings; Poems, by Young, Churchill, Lloyd, Falconer and Thompson, edited by Dr. Samuel Johnson; Poems, by Granville, Yalden Tickell, Swift, Hammond, Somerville, Parnell, Savage and Browne, edited by Johnson; Select Poets, containing Moore, Cawthorne, Collins, Dyer, Shenstone, Mallet, Akenside, Gray, Littleton, and Gray, edited by Dr. Johnson; London's Poetical Works; The Old Forget-me-not Songster, Ballads, Sung by Our Grandmothers; William Motherwell's Poetical Works; History of St. Joseph's County, Indiana; History of Joseph Adams and his Friend Abraham Adams, by Fielding; *The Continental Monthly*, Vol. II; *Appleton's Journal*, Vols. V and VIII; Life of Reginold Heber, D. D., by his widow, with selections from his Correspondence, Poems and Private Papers, two vols.; Poems, by Mary A. McIver; The Impending Crisis of The South, by Hinton Rowan Hilper;

Passion Flowers; The Wreath, a Selection of Poems from the Best Authors, Hartford, 1824; Echoes, from the South, Comprising the Most Important Speeches, Proclamations and Public Acts, Emanating from the South During the Late War; Irish Emigration; The Gentleman, by George H. Calvert; Sanctum Sanctorum, Talton.

Roll of Honor.

[The following are the names of those students who during the past week have, by their exemplary conduct, given satisfaction to all the members of the faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. C. Adams, W. H. Arnold, W. I. Brown, C. Brehmer, T. E. Bourbonia, W. Berry, F. M. Bell, G. E. Clarke, J. J. Casey, L. F. Calligari, L. E. Clements, D. Danahey, J. D. Delaney, M. B. Eaton, M. L. Falvey, F. M. Gallagher, G. L. Hagan, M. Healey, W. S. Huddleston, D. H. Harrington, M. T. Healey, A. Jones, W. Johnson, W. Kelly, A. Korty, T. Kavanagh, F. E. Kuhn, J. P. Kuhn, J. Kendel, J. C. Larkin, W. B. McGorrick, E. McGorrick, W. J. McCarthy, J. A. McNamara, L. Mathers, J. J. McErlain, G. Monaghan, J. A. McIntyre, J. J. Malone, J. Nash, G. Nester, H. O'Donnell, J. O'Reilly, E. A. Otis, J. N. Osher, E. Piper, L. M. Proctor, F. J. Rettig, J. Solon, H. A. Steis, G. Sugg, H. Simms, W. A. Schofield, B. F. Smith, C. H. Thiele, E. G. Taggart, S. P. Terry, G. Tracy, C. Van Dusen, W. T. Walsh, W. R. Young, E. Yrisarri, J. B. Zettler.

N. B.—J. Falvey and A. Thornton were omitted by mistake last week.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. W. Ayers, P. Archer, A. A. Brown, J. Boose, C. J. Brinkman, M. G. Butler, V. G. Butler, W. Barron, J. Bender, G. C. Castaneda, A. M. Coghlin, J. A. Casey, J. M. Courtney, E. Cullinene, W. J. Cavanaugh, W. S. Cleary, F. J. Cantwell, J. V. Cabel, H. P. Dunn, A. C. Dick, G. W. De Haven, F. H. Dorsel, H. F. Devitt, A. J. Dennis, N. H. Ewing, T. F. Flynn, A. J. Flynn, J. M. Flynn, A. Colyer, J. H. Fendrick, R. E. Fleming, Ed Fischel, Fred Fischel, J. Friedman, L. F. Florman, J. J. Gordon, L. P. Gibert, A. A. Gall, J. W. Guthrie, F. H. Grever, T. J. Hurley, A. Hintze, J. Homan, J. Heffernan, T. Healy, W. Halthausen, F. Johnson, A. Jackson, P. Joyce, F. Kleine, F. Krone, C. Kollars, G. Kipper, Sam Livingston, A. Mendel, F. McPhillips, J. L. Morgan, C. J. McDermott, C. M. Murdock, S. T. Murdock, J. F. Martin, J. S. McGrath, H. W. Morse, M. A. McNulty, J. McGinn, N. J. Nelson, E. C. Orrick, J. F. O'Kane, J. P. O'Neill, D. G. Paul, J. M. Powell, F. A. Quinn, G. J. Rhodius, H. L. Rose, C. F. Rose, C. F. Rietz, J. Ruppe, G. W. Silverman, H. G. Sells, W. E. Smith, J. M. Scanlan, G. Schaefer, G. A. Truschel, C. A. Tinley, E. G. Tappan, F. J. Woeber, Guy Woodson, T. Williams, J. W. Whalen.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

RIGHT REV. JOSEPH DWENGER, BISHOP OF FORT WAYNE; W. T. Berthlet, D. G. Taylor, C. C. Echlin, C. E. Droste, J. S. Courtney, A. J. Van Mourick, H. C. Snee, H. A. Kitz, J. A. Kelly, T. McGrath, P. J. Yrisarri, H. Metz, W. M. Olds, W. F. Hanavin, J. A. Campau, G. E. Tourtillotte, D. O'Connor, J. C. Haslam, W. Thompson, A. G. Molander, E. A. Howard, J. A. Frain, J. H. Dwenger, F. B. Farrelly, C. Metz, W. Taylor, R. Costello, J. Moroney, J. E. Chaves, J. A. Ruppe, J. F. Nester, D. L. McCawley, J. McGrath, J. L. Rose, H. J. Ackerman, L. J. Young, W. Rea, W. J. Miller, A. B. Bender, P. Campau, C. Campau, A. J. Otis, F. L. Otis, C. Young, E. McGrath, B. Powell, M. E. Devitt, G. Price, W. Prindiville, D. Prindiville, E. B. Bagard.

—Why is it that the championship games have been discontinued? Is it possible that the great interest which has always been taken in the National Game at Notre Dame is diminishing? For the past two or three years, there has been a hitch in the championship games as soon as the first two have been played. This year proves no exception. The Star of the East, we are informed, refused to play another game on the childish plea that, having lost two of the five games to have been played, they are no match for the Juanitas. We saw both games. Both of them were lost to the Star of the East by errors,—that could have been avoided, had the Star of the East prepared themselves for the contest in the proper way—by daily practice. This they considered unnecessary, saying that they would "walk away" with the Juanitas. They were mistaken; for the Juanitas gave them two drubbings, so sound and decisive that the Star of the East, rather than suffer the mortification of a third defeat, refuse to play. *Ave, Juanitas, victores!*

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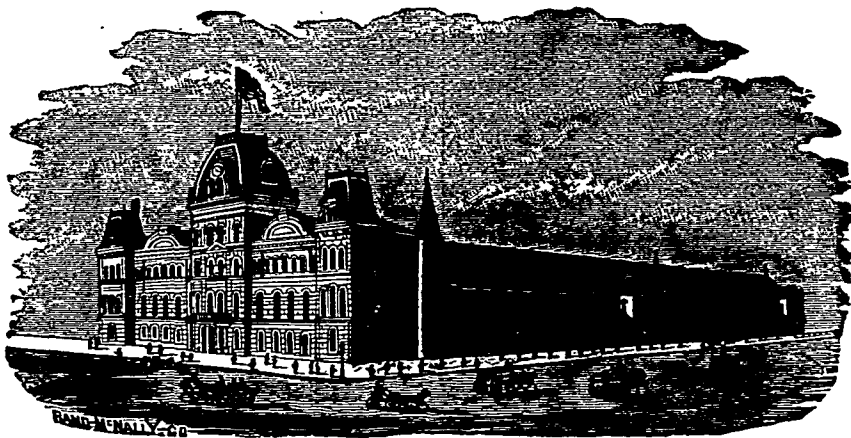
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On and after Sunday, Nov. 14, 1880, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2.25 a. m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo 9.50 a. m.; Cleveland 2.30 p. m.; Buffalo, 8.50 p. m.
11.05 a. m., Mail over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 5.25 p. m.; Cleveland 10.10 p. m.; Buffalo, 4 a. m.
9.12 p. m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2.40 a. m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a. m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p. m.
12.16 p. m., Special New York Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 5.40 p. m., Cleveland, 10.10 p. m.; Buffalo, 4 a. m.
6.21 p. m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo 10.35 p. m.; Cleveland, 1.45 a. m.; Buffalo, 7.25 a. m.

GOING WEST.

2.43 a. m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3.35 a. m., Chicago 6. a. m.
5.05 a. m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5.50 a. m., Chicago 8.20 a. m.
0.93 a. m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9.05 a. m.; Chesterton, 9.47 a. m.; Chicago, 11.30 a. m.
1.16 p. m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.12. p. m.; Chesterton, 2.52 p. m.; Chicago, 4.40 p. m.
4.50 p. m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.38; Chesterton, 6.15 p. m.; Chicago, 8 p. m.

WESTERN DIVISION TIME TABLE.

EASTWARD.	2	4	6	8	20
	MAIL.	Special N. Y. Express.	Atlantic Ex- press.	Chicago and St. Louis Express.	Limited Ex- press.
Chicago.....Leave	7 35 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	5 15 p.m.	10 20 p.m.	3 30 p.m.
Grand Crossing....."	8 09 "	9 31 "	5 50 "	10 56 "	
Miller's....."	9 10 "			12 05 a.m.	
Chesterton....."	9 32 "			12 32 "	
Otis....."	9 47 "	11 02 "	7 32 "	12 52 "	
Laporte.....Arrive	10 06 "	11 20 "			
Laporte.....Leave	10 08 "	11 22 "	8 20 "	1 20 "	5 38 "
South Bend....."	11 05 "	12 16 p.m.	9 12 "	2 25 "	6 21 "
Mishawaka....."	11 15 "		9 20 "	2 35 "	
Elkhart.....Arrive	11 40 "	12 50 "	9 45 "	3 00 a.m.	6 45 "
Toledo....."	5 25 p.m.			9 50 "	10 50 "
Cleveland....."	4 50 "	10 35 "	7 30 "	2 55 p.m.	2 00 a.m.
Buffalo....."	10 10 a.m.	4 10 a.m.	1 25 p.m.	8 15 "	7 40 "
New York....."		7 00 p.m.	6 45 a.m.	10 30 a.m.	10 10 p.m.
Boston....."		9 45 "	9 20 "	2 40 p.m.	

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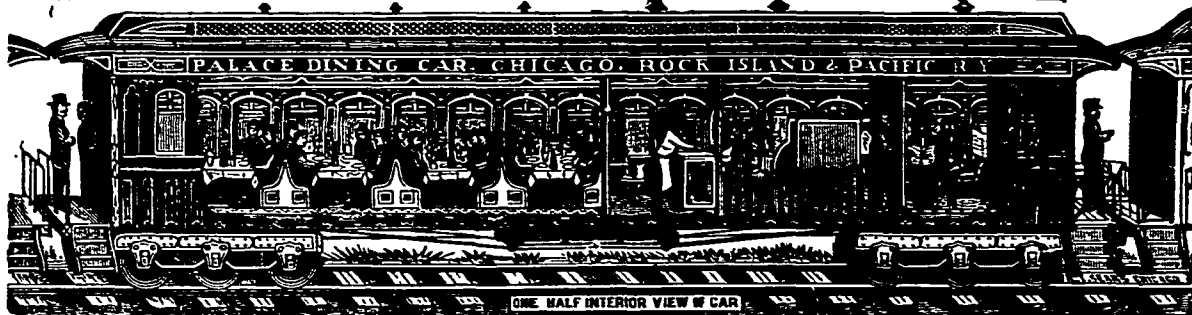
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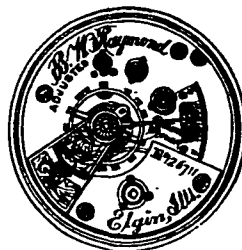
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Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—Nov. 16, 1879.

	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	†Atlantic Express.	†Night Express.
Lv. Chicago - - -	7 00 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	4 00 p.m.	5 15 p.m.	9 10 p.m.
" Mich. City -	9 25 "	11 13 "	6 35 "	7 40 "	11 30 "
" Niles - - -	10 45 "	12 15 p.m.	8 05 "	9 00 "	12 48 a.m.
" Kalamazoo -	12 33 p.m.	1 40 "	9 50 "	10 28 "	2 28 "
" Jackson - - -	3 45 "	4 05 "		12 50 a.m.	5 00 "
Ar. Detroit - -	6 48 "	6 30 "		3 35 "	8 00 "
	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Jackson Express.	†Pacific Express	†Even'g Express.
Lv. Detroit - - -	7 00 a.m.	9 35 a.m.	5 55 p.m.	9 50 p.m.	8 10 p.m.
" Jackson - - -	10 20 "	12 15 p.m.		12 45 a.m.	1 15 "
" Kalamazoo -	1 15 p.m.	2 37 "	4 50 a.m.	2 43 "	1 38 a.m.
" Niles - - -	3 05 "	4 07 "	6 50 "	4 15 "	3 30 "
" Mich. City -	4 30 "	5 20 "	8 08 "	5 30 "	4 55 "
Ar. Chicago - -	6 50 "	7 40 "	10 35 "	8 00 "	7 30 "

Niles and South Bend Division.

*GOING NORTH.		*GOING SOUTH.	
Lv. So. Bend—	8 45 a.m. 6 30 p.m.	Lv. Niles—	7 05 a.m. 4 15 p.m.
" N. Dame—	8 52 " 6 38 "	" N. Dame—	7 40 " 4 48 "
Ar. Niles—	9 25 " 7 15 "	Ar. So. Bend—	7 45 " 4 55 "

*Sunday excepted. †Daily. †Saturday and Sunday excepted.

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G. L. ELLIOTT, Agent, South Bend, Ind.

The Scholastic Annual

FOR 1881.

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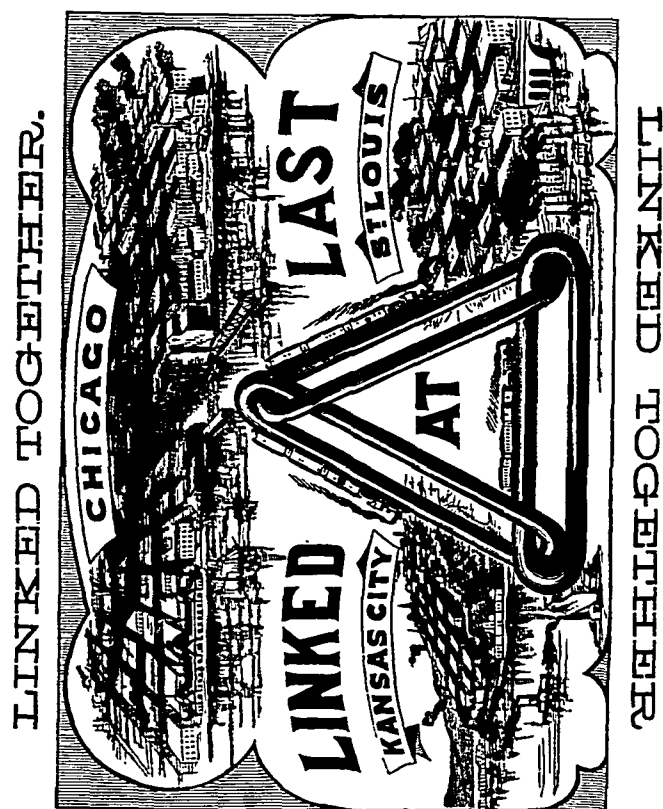
Astrological Predictions—Astronomical Calculations—Ask Me Not Why (Poetry), S.—Abstinence Days—A Beautiful Thought, Bishop Ryan—A Course of Reading, T. E. Howard, A. M.—Collegiate Studies, W.—Calendars—Chansons Physiologiques (Poetry), A. J. S.—Eclipses—Fasting Days—Father Badin, T. E. Shaw—Holy Days of Obligation—Introductory—In Statu Quo, H.—The Lady Anatomist (Poetry), A. J. S.—Movable Feasts—The Music of the Church, Egg Rock—Memorial Sonnets, E. R. Michael Angelo (Poetry), Eliot Ryder—O'Connell (Poetry), M. F. Egan—Office of the Blessed Sacrament, J. O'C.—Rates of Postage—A Tale of the Middle Ages, H. H.—The Types of God, Edward Hyde—The Way of Success, Hon. E. F. Dunne LL. D.—Winged Words.

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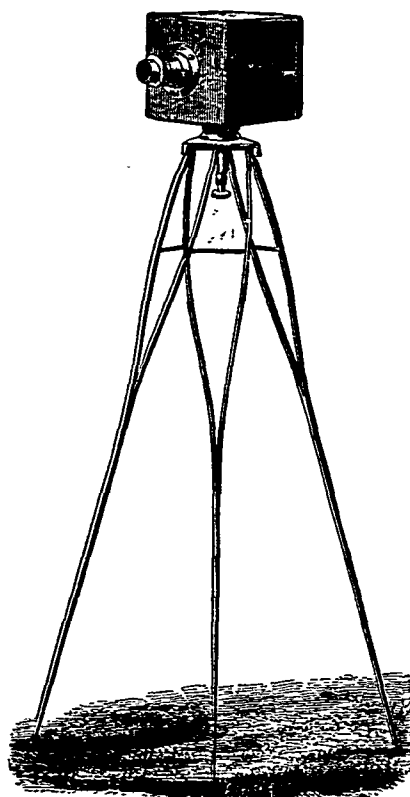
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